

# THE MEREDITH LEAGUE.

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## THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

Lady Loring's carriage was waiting at the entrance of the street, with all the children in the neighborhood assembled to admire it. She impulsively forestalled the servant in opening the carriage door.

"Come in," she cried. "Oh, Stella, you don't know how you have frightened me! Good heavens, you look frightened enough yourself! From what wretches have I rescued you? Take my smelling-bottle and tell me all about it." The fresh air and the reassuring presence of her old friend revived Stella. She was able to describe her interview with the General's family, and to answer the inevitable inquiries which the narrative called forth. Lady Loring's last question was the most important of the series.

"What are you going to do about Romyne?" "I am going to write to him the moment we get home."

The answer seemed to alarm Lady Loring.

"You won't betray?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"You won't let Romyne discover that I have told you about the deal?"

"Certainly not. You shall see my letter before I send it to be forwarded."

Tranquilized so far, Lady Loring brought herself next of Major Hynd.

"Can we tell him what you have done?" her ladyship asked.

"Of course we can tell him," Stella replied. "I shall conceal nothing from Lord Loring; and I shall beg your good husband to write to the major. He need only say that I have made the necessary inquiries, after being informed of the circumstances by you, and that I have communicated the favorable result to Mr. Romyne."

"It's not enough to write the letter, my dear. But it's not so easy to say what Major Hynd may think of you."

"Does it matter to me what Major Hynd thinks?"

Lady Loring looked at Stella with a malicious smile. "Are you equally indifferent," she said, "to what Romyne's opinion of your conduct may be?"

Stella's color rose.

"Try to be serious, Adelaide, when you speak to me of Romyne," she answered, gravely. "His good opinion of me is the breath of my life."

An hour later the all-important letter to Romyne was written. Stella scrupulously informed him of all that had happened—with two necessary omissions.

In the first place nothing was said of the widow's reference to her son's death, and of the effect produced by it on his younger brother. The boy was simply described as being of weak intellect, and as requiring to be kept under competent control. In the second place Romyne was left to infer that ordinary motives of benevolence were the only motives, on his part, known to Miss Eyre.

The letter ended in these lines:

"If I have taken an undue liberty in venturing, unasked, to appear as your representative, I can only plead that I meant well. It seemed to me to be hard on these poor people, and not just to you in your absence to interpose any needless delays in carrying out those kind intentions of yours, which had, no doubt, been properly considered beforehand. In forming your opinion of my conduct, pray remember that I have been careful not to compromise you in any way. You are known only to Madam Marillae as a compassionate person who offers to help her, and who wishes to give that help anonymously. If, notwithstanding this, you disapprove of what I have done, I must not conceal that will grieve and humiliate me—I have been so eager to be of use to you, when others appeared to hesitate. I must find my consolation in remembering that I have become acquainted with one of the sweetest and noblest of women, and that I have helped to preserve her afflicted son from dangers in the future which I cannot presume to estimate. You will complete what I have only begun. Be forbearing and kind to me if I have innocently offended in this matter—and I shall gratefully remember the day when I took it on myself to be Mr. Romyne's almoner."

Lady Loring read these concluding sentences twice over.

"I think the end of your letter will have its effect on him," she said.

"If it brings me a kind letter in reply," Stella answered, "it will have all the effect I hope for."

"If it does anything, Lady Loring rejoined, "it will do more than that."

"What more can it do?"

"My dear, it can bring him back to you."

These hopeful words seemed rather to startle Stella than to encourage her. "Bring him back to me?" she repeated. "Oh, Adelaide, I wish I could think as you do!"

"Send the letter to the post," said Lady Loring, "and we shall see."

CHAPTER XIII.—FATHER BENWELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Arthur Penrose to Father Benwell.

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—When I last had the honor of seeing you I received your instructions to report, by letter, the result of my conversations on religion with Mr. Romyne."

"As events have turned out it is needless to occupy your time by dwelling at any length on this subject, in writing. Mr. Romyne has been strongly impressed by the excellent books which I have introduced to his notice. He raises certain objections which I have done my best to meet; and he promises to consider my arguments with his closest attention in the time to come. I am happier in the hope of restoring his mental tranquillity—in other and worthier words, of effecting his conversion—than I can tell you in any words of mine. I respect and admire, I may almost say I love, Mr. Romyne."

"The details which are wanting in this brief report of progress, I shall have the privilege of personally relating to you. Mr. Romyne no longer desires to conceal himself from his friends. He received a letter this morning which has changed all his plans, and has decided him on immediately returning to London. I am not acquainted with the contents of the letter, or with the name of the writer, but I am pleased, for Mr. Romyne's sake, to see that the reading of it has made him happy."

"By to-morrow evening I hope to present my respects to you."

II.

Mr. Bittake to Father Benwell.

"Sm—The inquiries which I have instituted, at your request, have proved successful in one respect."

"I am in a position to tell you that events in Mr. Winterfield's life have unquestionably connected him with the young lady named Miss Stella Eyre."

"The attendant circumstances, however, are not so easy to discern. Judging by the careful report of the person whom I employ there must have been serious reasons, in this case, for keeping facts secret and witnesses out of the way. I mention this not to discourage you, but to prepare you for delays that may occur on our way to discovery."

"Be pleased to preserve your confidence in me, and give me time—and I answer for the result."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—THE PICNIC DANCE.

A fine spring, after a winter of unusual severity, promised well for the prospects of the London season.

Among the social entertainments of the time general curiosity was excited in the little sphere, which absurdly describes itself under the big name of society, by the announcement of a party to be given by Lady Loring, bearing the quaint title of a picnic dance. The invitations were issued at an unusually early hour, and it was understood that nothing so solid and so commonplace as the customary supper was to be offered to the guests. In a word, Lady Loring's ball was designed as a bold protest against late hours and heavy midnight meals. The younger people were all in favor of the proposed reform. Their elders declined to give an opinion beforehand.

In the small inner circle of Lady Loring's most intimate friends it was whispered that an innovation in the matter of refreshments was contemplated which would put the tolerant principles of the guests to a severe test. Miss Notman, the housekeeper, politely threatening retirement on a small annuity, since the memorable affair of the oyster omelette, decided on carrying out her design when she heard that there was to be no supper. "My attachment to the family can bear a great deal," she said. "But when Lady Loring deliberately gives a ball, without a supper, I must hide my head somewhere—and it had better be out of the house!" Taking Miss Notman as representative of a class, the reception of the coming experiment looked, to say the least of it, doubtful.

On the appointed evening the guests made one agreeable discovery when they entered the reception-rooms—they were perfectly free to amuse themselves as they liked.

The drawing-rooms were given up to dancing, the picture gallery was devoted to chamber music. Chess-players and card-players found remote and quiet rooms especially prepared for them. People who cared for nothing but talking were accommodated to perfection in a sphere of their own. And lovers (in earnest or not in earnest) discovered, in a dimly-lit conservatory with many recesses, that ideal of discreet retirement which combines solitude and society under one roof.

But the ordering of the refreshments failed, as had been foreseen, to share in the approval conferred on the arrangement of the rooms. The first impression was unfavorable. Lady Loring, however, knew enough of human nature to leave results to two potent allies—experience and time.

Excepting the conservatory, the astonished guests could go nowhere without discovering tables prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing hundreds of little pure white china plates, loaded with nothing but sandwiches. All varieties of opinion were consulted. People of ordinary tastes, who liked to know what they were eating, could choose conventional beef or ham, incased in thin slices of bread of a delicate flavor quite new to them. Other persons, less easily pleased, were tempted by sandwiches of pate de foie gras, and by exquisite combinations of chicken and truffles, reduced to a creamy pulp which hung to the bread like butter. Foreigners, making experiments, and not averse to garlic, discovered the finest sausages of Germany and Italy transformed into English sandwiches. Anchovies and sardines appeared in the same unexpected way to men who desire to create an artificial thirst—after having first ascertained that the champagne was something to be fondly remembered and regretted, at other parties, to the end of the season. The hospitable profusion of the refreshments was all-pervading and inexhaustible. Wherever the guests might be, or however they were amusing themselves, there were the pretty little white plates perpetually tempting them. People eat as they had never eat before, and the inveterate English prejudice against anything new was conquered at last. Universal opinion declared the picnic dance to be an admirable idea, perfectly carried out.

Many of the guests paid their hosts the compliment of arriving at the early hour mentioned in the invitations. One of them was Major Hynd. Lady Loring took her first opportunity of speaking to him apart.

"I hear you were a little angry," she said, "when you were told that Miss Eyre had taken your inquiries out of your hands."

"I thought it rather a bold proceeding, Lady Loring," the major replied. "But as the General's widow turned out to be a lady, in the best sense of the word, Miss Eyre's romantic adventure has justified itself. I wouldn't recommend her to run the same risk a second time."

"I suppose you know what Romyne thinks of it?"

"Not yet. I have been too busy to call on him since I have been in town. Pardon me, Lady Loring, who is that beautiful creature in the pale yellow dress? Surely, I have seen her somewhere before?"

"That beautiful creature, major, is the bold young lady of whose conduct you don't approve."

"Miss Eyre?"

"Yes."

"I retract everything I said!" cried the major, quite shamelessly. "Such a woman as that may do anything. She is looking this way. Pray introduce me."

The major was introduced, and Lady Loring returned to her guests.

"I think we have met before, Major Hynd," said Stella.

Her voice supplied the missing link in the major's memory of events. Remembering how she had looked at Romyne on the deck of the steamboat, he began dimly to understand Miss Eyre's otherwise incomprehensible anxiety to be of use to the General's family.

"It was on the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, and my friend was with me. You and he have no doubt met since that time?" He put the question as a mere formality. The unexpressed thought in him was: "Another of them in love with Romyne; and nothing, as usual, likely to come of it."

"I hope you have forgiven me for going to Camp's Hill in your place," said Stella.

"I ought to be grateful to you," the major rejoined. "No time has been lost in relieving these poor people, and your powers of persuasion have succeeded where mine might have failed. Has Romyne been to see them himself since his return to London?"

"No. He desires to remain unknown, and he is kindly content, for the present, to be represented by me."

"For the present?" Major Hynd repeated.

A faint flush passed over her delicate complexion. "I have succeeded, she resumed, "in inducing Madam Marillae to accept the help, offered through me, to her son. The poor creature is safe, under kind superintendence, in a private asylum. So far, I can do no more."

"Will the mother accept nothing?"

"Nothing, either for herself or her daughter, so long as they can work. I cannot tell you how patiently and beautifully she speaks of her hard lot. But her health may give way—and it is possible, before long, that I may leave London." She paused; the flush deepened on her face. "The failure of the mother's health may happen in my

absence," she continued, "and Mr. Romyne will ask you to look after the family, from time to time, while I am away."

"I will do it with pleasure, Miss Eyre," said Romyne, "I would be here to-night."

She smiled brightly and looked away. The major's curiosity was excited—he looked in the same direction. There was Romyne, entering the room, to answer for himself.

What was the attraction which drew the unsocial student to an evening party? Major Hynd's eyes were on the watch. When Romyne and Stella shook hands the attraction stood self-revealed to him in Miss Eyre's countenance. Recalling the momentary confusion which she had betrayed when she spoke of possibly leaving London, and of Romyne's plans for supplying her place as his almoner, the major, with military impatience of delays, jumped to a conclusion. "I was wrong," he thought, "my impetuous friend is touched in the right place at last. When the splendid creature in yellow leaves London, the name on her luggage will be Mr. Romyne."

"You are looking quite another man, Romyne!" he said, mischievously, "since we met last."

Stella moved gently away, leaving them to talk freely. Romyne took no advantage of the circumstance to admit his old friend to his confidence. Whatever relations might really exist between Miss Eyre and himself were evidently kept secret thus far. "My health has been a little better lately," was the only reply he made.

The major dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Have you not had any return?" he began.

Romyne stopped him there.

"I don't want my infirmities made public," he whispered hotly.

"Look at the people all round us! When I tell you I have been better lately, you ought to know what it means."

"Any discoverable reason for the improvement?" persisted the major, still bent on getting evidence in support of his own private conclusions.

"None!" Romyne answered, sharply. But Major Hynd was not to be discouraged by sharp replies.

"Miss Eyre and I have been recalling our first meeting on board the steamboat," he went on. "Do you remember how indifferent you were to that beautiful person when I asked you if you knew her? I'm glad to see that you show better taste to-night. I wish I knew her well enough to shake hands as you did."

"Hynd! When a young man talks nonsense his youth is his excuse. At your time of life you have passed the excusable age—even in the estimation of your friends."

With those words Romyne turned away. The incorrigible major instantly met the reproof indicted on him with a smart answer.

"Remember," he said, "that I was the first of your friends to wish you happiness." He, too, turned away—in the direction of the champagne and sandwiches.

"Meanwhile Stella had discovered Penrose, lost in the brilliant assemblage of guests, standing alone in a corner. It was enough for her that Romyne's secretary was also Romyne's friend. Passing by titled and celebrated personages, all anxious to speak to her, she joined the shy, nervous, and looking little man, and did all she could to set him at his ease.

"I am afraid, Mr. Penrose, this is not a very attractive scene to you. Having said those kind words, she paused. Penrose was looking at her confusedly, but with an expression of interest which was new to her experience of him. "Has Romyne told him?" she wondered inwardly.

"It is a very beautiful scene, Miss Eyre," he said, in his low, quiet tones.

"Did you come here with Mr. Romyne?" she asked.

"Yes. It was by his advice that I accepted the invitation with which Lady Loring has honored me. I am sadly out of place in such an assembly as this, but I would make far greater sacrifices to please Mr. Romyne."

She smiled kindly. Attachment so ardently devoted to the man she loved pleased and touched her. In her anxiety to discover a subject which might interest him she overcame her antipathy to the spiritual director of the household.

"Is Father Benwell coming to us to-night?" she inquired.

"He will certainly be here, Miss Eyre," said Romyne, "if he can get back to London in time."

"Has he been long away?"

"Nearly a week."

Not knowing what else to say, she still paid Penrose the compliment of feigning an interest in Father Benwell.

"Has he a long journey to make in returning to London?" she asked.

"Yes—all the way from Devonshire."

"From South Devonshire?"

"No. North Devonshire—Clovelly."

The smile suddenly left her face. She proceeded, composedly, but without

quite concealing the effort that it cost her, or the anxiety with which she waited for the reply to her next question.

"I know something of the neighborhood of Clovelly," she said. "I wonder whether Father Benwell is visiting any friends of mine there?"

"I am not able to say, Miss Eyre," said Romyne, "the reverend father's letters are forwarded to the hotel—I know no more than that."

With a gentle inclination of her head she turned toward the other guests, looked back, and, with a last little courteous attention offered to him, said: "If you like music, Mr. Penrose, I advise you to go to the picture-gallery. They are going to play a quartet by Mozart."

Penrose thanked her, noticing that her voice and manner had become strangely subdued. She made her way back to the room in which the hostess received her guests. Lady Loring was for the moment alone, resting on a sofa. Stella stopped over her, and spoke in cautiously lowered tones:

"If Father Benwell comes here to-night," she said, "try to find out what he has been doing at Clovelly."

"Clovelly!" Lady Loring repeated. "Is that the village near Winterfield's house?"

"Yes."

To be continued.

KISSING THE WATER.

Not one-half the people who witness the launching of a vessel can tell how it is done. They hear a great sound of pounding and driving of wedges for half an hour or so, then a loud shout is raised, and the ship starts slowly at first, but, gradually increasing her speed, slides with a steady, stately motion from the pile of timber and blocks where she has been standing for months; and where but a moment before the huge creature lowered aloft, nothing remains but a debris of timber and planks, while out on the water floats one of the most graceful works of man.

When the ship is about ready to launch, her immense weight rests principally upon the blocks some eight or ten inches square on the ends, and perhaps some fifteen or eighteen inches in length. These blocks are placed directly under the keel, and in order to launch the vessel it is necessary to transfer the weight of the vessel to the ways—two long lines of heavy timber reaching about two-thirds the length of the vessel on either side, and about midway the bilge or bottom. These ways are simply two lengths of timber with a thick layer of grease between them, so that as soon as the ship acquires any momentum they will slip one along the other. To transfer the weight of the vessel on to these ways, so that gravity—the stern or heaviest part of the vessel being much lower than the bow—will cause her to move, is the whole secret of launching. To do this, between the top of the ways and the vessel are driven pine wedges, which, of course, raise her somewhat, and so relieve the blocks under the keel of part of the weight resting upon them. This done, workmen take their places under the vessel, and with iron wedges cut and knock away the blocks. When these are removed, the entire weight of the vessel settles at once upon the greased ways, and the result is exactly the same as would be if a person should seat himself upon a sled pointed downhill upon an icy slope—away she goes!

There seems to be a strange sort of fascination for most people in the launching of a large vessel, and in our shipbuilding ports it is not uncommon for a thousand persons to be present to enjoy the spectacle.—*American Monthly.*

ROSSINI'S WATCH.

In the year 1833 King Louis Philippe presented Rossini with a magnificent repeater, which the latter was extremely proud of, and carried in his right waistcoat pocket every day for some six years. One afternoon, as he was showing it to some acquaintances in the Cafe Holder, a strange gentleman walked up to the table at which he was sitting, and addressed him with the words, "M. Rossini, you do not know the secrets of your watch, although you have worn it for such a long time. Will you permit me to reveal them to you?" Rossini, with an ironical smile, handed him the watch; and, greatly to his surprise, the stranger, disclosing the master's portrait, painted in miniature, and surrounded by a wreath of enameled Arabic characters. Interrogated as to how he came by his knowledge of the watch's secret, the existence of which Rossini had never suspected, the stranger avowed himself the maker of the costly toy, but oddly enough positively declined to explain the significance of the Arabic words encircling the likeness, although repeatedly and urgently solicited by Rossini to do so. From that moment Rossini, convinced that some evil spell must be contained in the mystic characters which their author steadfastly refused to interpret to him, conceived so unconquerable a fear of the watch that he never again wore it. After his death it was found by his heirs securely sealed up and hidden away in an old commode which apparently had not been opened for several years, as its contents were covered with thick dust.

Corn is the worst used of all the cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

## LUXURY.

POSTERING A LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

The lap of luxury is no doubt a most comfortable abiding-place, and if there are dangers attending it, there are also safeguards. If luxury is debilitating to the energies, if it stifles genius and fosters self-indulgence on the other hand it is full of opportunity for those who know how to use it, while some of the negative virtues flourish under its influence, where one has no temptation to envy his fellow-men or to overreach them. And if we happen to be born without energy, or genius, or the spirit of self-sacrifice, it offers a splendid asylum for our insignificance. Luxury is perhaps a greater test of character than poverty, though few of us would hesitate to accept it, feeling, with the natural conceit of mankind, that we should come forth from the trial like gold from the smelting; and yet he who would misuse the situation would, we fear, be no less unable to grasp the benefits which poverty confers, or wrestle with its disadvantages. If the pure metal is present, neither the lotus-eating effects of the one condition nor the over stimulation of the other can materially injure it. In the meantime, we more heartily commend him who can rise from the lap of luxury and betake himself to the austere life, who, amidst all its allurements, still preserves his enthusiasms and ambitions, and allows no talent to gather rust, no generous impulse to fall into disuse, than we commend his brother, whom want and privation and despair have stung into desperate exertion, whose heart has been kindled into pity by its own sufferings, who has had no choice but to do or die, no siren beguiling him from great enterprises, from hardships and perils, to rest on rose leaves. If poverty, as the Italian proverb preaches, is the mother of all the arts, perhaps we might reply that luxury is their heir. Into her lap are gathered all the beautiful things that genius has devised and skill has executed. All inventions, wrought out of the busy brain by the cunning hand of the poor, minister to her state. Music and the drama wait upon her like grateful handmaids; at her command the clouds of earth bring tribute. Emerson has truly said that the love of riches seems to have grown chiefly out of the love of the beautiful. We love wealth, in the first place, because it throws the world open to us; because it introduces us to all that is highest in the realm of beauty; because it grants us leisure to do and to be, to develop our powers, to put ourselves in rapport with great minds; because it thrusts aside cares and considerations from us, and leaves us at liberty to love our neighbor as ourselves. But presently we find that its frivolous diversions threaten to deprive us of its higher privileges. We are too readily satisfied, perhaps, with the menial comforts and pleasures it affords, are always promising ourselves to exhaust its splendid opportunities tomorrow, till delay and indolence become a habit.

THINKING MEN AHEAD.

Strength is like a tool, good for much or little as the handler is good for much or little. The pen that with a hard day's work earns the clerk a few shillings might, in an artist's hand, produce £50. with a few scratches. People pay far less for what they see than they pay for what is not seen. When they buy a book, they get more than paper and print; when they pay thousands for a painting, they buy a few square feet of canvas, paint which may have cost a shilling or two, stucco and gilding, and brains—with which Ople and all his fraternity mixed their colors. Those who have no brains become machines in the hands of those who have brains. The simple laborer plots on his way on foot; but the man of brains comes riding past, and gives him a seat behind him. The farmer who gathers his twenty or thirty mow of a morning, and sends them about various kinds of work, has been thinking for every one of them, and so has saved each a certain amount of time and trouble. Brassey, in the course of a forenoon, thought and wrote enough to keep large armies of workmen steadily engaged for many days. Or look at London. The proverb has it, "All roads lead to Rome;" but trade snags its fingers at that old-world saying; all roads lead nowadays to London. When Londoners speak of the city, they mean a cluster of streets and buildings that may easily be traversed from side to side in a few minutes. The city is like the heart, or better say the brain on its way out. In that subdued, intense hum, you hear the world thinking. Nothing but thinking goes on here. No bales of cotton, no chests of tea, no sacks of grain, no loads of timber are to be found in the city—a few workmen of any kind, only those who can think. These city men do most of the thinking for the great companies of the world—the railway companies in the far West, or in Russia, or in India; the submarine telegraph companies; the trading companies in North America, or in Africa, or on the Nile, or in China and Japan; the gas companies and the water companies in Berlin, or elsewhere; the ocean steamship companies; the mining companies; and hundreds of such schemes. Now the world pays these men to think, and pays them better than any other, because they really do the most work and save the most time—best exemplify the maxim of result with the minimum of labor.—*Family Magazine.*

## HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

Vinegar can be made in this way:

Take acetic acid, four pounds; molasses, one gallon; put them into a forty-gallon cask and fill it up with rain or soft water; shake it up well and let it stand from one to three weeks. The result is good vinegar.

To fix pencil marks so they will not rub out, take well skimmed milk and dilute with an equal bulk of water. Wash the pencil marks (whether writing or drawing) with this liquid, using a soft camel-hair brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place upon a flat board to dry.

Something for children.—Squeeze a large baked potato out of the skin into a hot soup-plate; mash it with a fork until it is as fine as flour. Break over it a lightly-boiled egg; and a little salt and some bread-crumbs. Pour over this, when all mixed, three-quarters of a breakfast-cupful of beef tea.

Roast goose.—Make a stuffing of bread-crumbs, onions and potatoes cut fine; season with pepper, salt, sage and butter the size of an egg; fill the goose and tie down the wings; roast two hours and a half. Boil the liver and heart and add to the gravy which must be thickened with flour. Send to table with apple sauce and mashed-potatoes.

Mutton kebabs.—Take a loin of mutton; joint well; take the following dressing and put between each joint: Two table-spoonsful chopped parsley, a little thyme, a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of bread-crumbs; mix well with two eggs; roast one hour. If there is a large flap to the loin, some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered securely.

To make the hair stay in crimp, take five cents worth of gum-arabic, add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When dissolved, add enough alcohol to make it rather thin. Let this stand all night, and then bottle it to prevent the alcohol from evaporating. This put on the hair at night, after it is done up in paper or pins, will make it stay in crimp the hottest day, and is perfectly harmless.

Scotch cake.—Stir to a cream one pound sugar, three-fourths pound butter, add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; separate the whites and yolks of six eggs, and beat each separately; stir into the cake and add one pound sifted flour; stir fifteen minutes, and just before putting into cake-pans, which must be lined with buttered paper, add one pound raisins; spice to taste, and bake one hour.

Alma pudding.—Beat half pound butter to a cream, strew in by degrees half pound sugar, and beat these well together; then drop half pound flour in gradually, add one-fourth pound currants, and then beat up four eggs and then add them to the mixture; when all the ingredients are well stirred and mixed pour into a buttered mold, and tie down with a cloth; put the pudding into a saucepan with boiling water, and let it boil for four hours.

Boiled pigs feet.—Take the fore feet, cut off the hock, clean and scrape them well; place two feet together and roll them up tightly in common muslin; tie or sew them so they will keep in perfect shape, and boil them seven hours on a moderate fire—they will then be very soft; lift them out carefully and let them cool off; then remove the muslin and you will find them like jelly. Serve with vinegar or split them and fry in bread-crumbs or cracker dust, and roll or broil them. Serve with a little tart sauce.

Let any one who has an attack of lock-jaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise.

It will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

SENSIBLE CHARITY.

Vienna has several places of refuge for the destitute, called "warming rooms," where all persons who are in need, without distinction, are allowed to sit and make themselves comfortable, and are given soup, coffee, or tea, with bread, free of charge. No inquiries are made as to their character or calling. It is sufficient that they say they are cold and hungry. If they prefer it, they receive hot soup. Capacious stoves warm these places, benches run along the walls, and newspapers are provided, but mainly on account of their advertisements of help wanted. The food and drink are given to each person twice every day, and at night those who need lodgings, which is not the case with all who apply for warmth and nutriment, are enabled to sleep there. The experiment has proved so satisfactory that another place of the same kind is about to be opened large enough to accommodate 800 persons. Since Dec. 6, 40,736 persons were assisted at these places with food, lodging, or otherwise, and during the 15th of December and Jan. 30 not a single instance of suicide traceable to poverty was reported, although self-murder for that cause was not infrequent before.





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**GREAT GERMAN  
REMEDY  
FOR**

**O** RHEUMATISM,  
NEURALGIA,  
SCIATICA,  
LUMBAGO

**DO** BACKACHE,  
**GOUT,**  
SORENESS  
OF THE  
CHEST,

**SORE THROAT,  
QUINSY,  
SWELLINGS  
AND  
SPRAINS,  
FROSTED FEET**

**EARS,  
BURNS  
AND  
SCALDS,**

**St. ...**  
TOOTH, EAR  
AND  
HEADACHE,  
AND  
ALL OTHER PAINS

AND  
**ACHES.**

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